Numb. 8.

Heraclitus Ridens.

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Tuesday, August the 24th, to Saturday the 28th. 1703.

Jest. THis Gout is one of the most Confounded Distempers among the whole Catalogue of Diseases. It pulls a Man by the Leg after a damnable Manner, and Physicians are at a Loss, how to prescribe Rules for us to get rid of it.

Earnest. Whereabout are we now for Heav'ns sake? In quest of a Doctor? I hope you have no occasion for one, keep your own Counsel, and your next Neighbour will know nothing of the Matter, you look so merrily.

Jest. We are just where we are likely to be, while this Fit seizes upon those that should give a better Turn to Affairs. What keeps our Admirals from putting to Sea, but this plaguy Gout? What detains our Generals in their old Camps, when they should fall into their Enemies Country? The Gout? What makes Fifty five Thousand not a *Match* for Fifteen? The Gout. Come, come, there is something more in the Matter, than our Eyes will let us see, or Prince *Lewis* had smitten the *French* Hip and Thigh long before this time on the *Danube*.

Earnest. You talk as if you did not know what a *Frenchman* was. They're Entrench'd up to the Neck, and that General must ask their Leave first, or he may chance to pay for a Visit he gives 'em by way of Intrusion.

Jest. And so were the *Germans*——Inaccessible Mountains were as so many Bulwarks to 'em, yet the Duke of *Vendosme* Eat and Drank in their Quarters—— Nothing is impossible with Souls that are Resolv'd; and I am shrewdly afraid the Marshal *Villars*, has shot *Lovis d'Ores* into his Camp. Prince *Lewis* his Fingers, I doubt, have been very Active, tho' his Legs are of little use to him; and the same Golden Inducements that make some People fight, make others do nothing like it.

Earnest. Be more sparing of your Reflections. Let Time and Opportunity shew themselves, and that General will push it forward without Question. The *News-Writers* are not Oracles, and Things on that side may be represented otherwise than they are. Besides, the Troops of the Circles are not to be Confided in, and a few Disciplin'd Men are able to keep at Bay, a Multitude of Militia. Let the *Dutch* once joyn him, and Have-at the *Monsieur*, 'tis Ten to One but he hits him a Kick in the Breech.

Jest. Then there is nothing to be done without the *Dutch*—— They have been Detach'd from the Camp this Month, and are not got up with Him yet. This way of making War is a Mystery to me, I should be for putting an End to the Matter as soon as I could, and a Decisive Stroke should Marr me or Make me.

Earnest. You speak more like an Apothecary than a Soldier. Those that live by the Sword will keep it in their Hands as long as they can; and a large Command with a Fine Equipage ceases, as soon as Articles of Peace are sign'd. I would fain know what Man would chuse to shut up his Doors and run away, when he might have a good Trade. Did you know the Sweetness of Contributions, and how pleasant it is to have Thousands of Men's Lives and Fortunes at one Man's Disposal, you would change your Sentiments.

Jest. Certainly, we shall have an End of the War, on that side, now the *News-Writers* have kill'd the Elector of *Bavaria*. He died by a Paper Bullet, and foreign Mails have Buried him at *Munich*—— It is a Custom among the *Germans* to bury People before they are dead. Or is it actually as they write?

Earnest. I much suspect the Truth of it— Sovereign Princes seldom run against the Mouth of a Musquet, as they have made Him, and the Life of such a one is of too great a Concern to the Army that is under Him, than to be Expos'd to every common Accident. I wish there was no Reason to fear that he will yet joyn the Duke of *Vendosme*, and make the Emperour know that he is worth a Thousand dead Men, by penetrating farther into his Countries.

Jest. Then *Elkana Settle* has brought his Hogs to a fair Market. He has been Writing his Elegy these three Weeks, and unless some great Man or other dies very suddenly, to help him off with it, 'tis like to stick upon his hands, and Boil'd Beef and Cabbage must be his every Day's Entertainment.

Earnest. He has got a Foreign Affair upon his Hands already— And as soon as his Compliments on the House of *Hannover* are bound up, I am told, is for Transporting himself by the way of *Holland*, to pay a Visit to that Court, and make a Present of what stands him in Thirty Pounds, at the same time it is not worth thirty Pence, to her Electoral Highness.

Jest. I protest I pity the poor Lady—— *Toland* has teiz'd Her out of what Medals he could, and now this Man is going to Torment Her with Heroicks, in order to get more. But I hope she knows the Nature of an *English*

Beggar

Beggar by this time, from the Worthy Knight Sir *Row*——— that keeps his Reſidence with her, and has heard of the Saying that is ſo Common with us. *The more you give, the more you may*; and ſhe will not want Cuſtomers while ſhe continue her Diſtributions by Handfulls.

Earneſt. A Hundred Crowns is a Preſent fit to be made by a *German* Emperor, and it is Ten to One, whether Her Electoral Highneſs will Preſent Him with that Sum, ſo that He muſt be a Loſer of Conſequence—— Beſides his Charges.

Jeſt. Never fear it — Did you ever hear of a Poet that had any thing to loſe? He go to *Hannover*? He Ride a Horſeback to the *Weſt-Indies*——I wiſh my Head may never Ach till that time, and there will be no occaſion for a Handkerchief to bind it with. Let's have no more of theſe Politicks —— And talking of Foreign Countries, when our own is Capable of furniſhing us with Diſcourſe enough. What ſays the *Obſervator* to the World? Has he left off teaching his *Countryman* the Office of a Jury-Man yet?

Earneſt. No, no, left it off? Nor does he deſign it as I hear, till he has made every Mothers Son an *Ignoramus* Man. But there is a Paragraph in it relating to the *Players* at the *Bath*, will make you ſmile. He ſeems to Reflect upon the Queen and the Lord Chamberlain in it; and will ſcarce Allow Her Majeſty the Divertiſement that the Meaneſt of her Subjects have the Benefit of. Here's the Paper.

Jeſt. And yet this very Fellow writes himſelf Her Majeſty's beſt Friend. He ſhall be a *Great Man*, that is for Certain, he takes the ready Road to Preferment, and falls to Abuſing *Great Men*, in hopes to Elbow 'em out of their Places. But his Intelligence is as falſe as his Poſitions; and he that takes a *Booth* for a *Tennis-Court*, has no greater Occaſion to Boaſt of his *Eye-Sight* than this Worthy Author has of his Underſtanding. But I can tell you a Piece of News from the *Bath*; The Mayor of the Town has made a Notable Pun there, which is got up to *London* by the laſt Poſt. It ſeems there was one Mr. *Poor* there with his Company, before thoſe of the Theatre Royal came down, who had ſome Difference with Her *Majeſties* Servants, which was referr'd by both Parties to the Deciſion of the Right Worſhipful *Mr. Mayor*; but he declin'd that Office, and ſaid, *He would have nothing to do with RICH or POOR*, which are the two Names of thoſe whom the Two Companies belong to.

Earn. Mr. Mayor may lie a Bed all the reſt of his *Mayrolty*, there is not a *Magiſtrate* in *England*, I'll ſay that for him, and a Fig for him, can come up to his Endowments. But has the *Obſervator* convinc'd the Queen that it is Sinful to ſee Plays, and perſwaded Her not to give 'em the Honour of Her Royal Company.

Jeſt. Not as I hear—— Her *Majeſty* ſcarce gives Her ſelf the Trouble of Peruſing ſuch an Author. If ſhe did, his Arguments would be of no weight with a Princeſs of Her Penetration. My Letters from thence, tell me, ſhe was expected there, as on *Wedneſday* laſt, and that there is a Place built on purpoſe for Her. But what have we to do with Affairs at the *Bath*? Dear Rogue, let's have t'other Diſh of *Doubts* and *Scruples*, and then it will be time to jog homewards.

Earneſt. Here it is, ready Garniſh'd for you, fall on, and eat your Belly full; no *Man* living can have a heartier Welcome.

Query 1. Whether a certain Lady in the *Cloiſters*, that has hir'd a Shop to ſit at the Receipt of Cuſtom, wou'd not be mightily put to it for another Sett of Teeth, ſhould her Cuſtomers Raffle for that ſhe bought lately? And whether when ſhe ſhall leave ſhining among her ſeven Stars, her Affairs will not continue lying at *Sixes* and *Sevens?*

Qu. Whether putting down one Gaming Table, and Tolerating another, be a Point of Conſcience? And whether the Lord Mayor's Officers let their Maſter know of every Penny they take on ſuch Laudable Occaſions?

Qu. 3. Whether *Jeptha's Raſh Vow*, and the *Comical Humours of Toby, &c.* have any Analogy with one another? And whether it is not Impious as well as unlawful to joyn *Sacred* with *Prophane* Writ?

Qu. 4. Whether my Lady *Mary* upon the Rope, does not Encourage more Lewdneſs than all the Women in the Fair upon the Stage? And whether there is not a mighty Difference between a Woman Dreſs'd modeſtly, and one that almoſt ſhews all ſhe has every ſtep ſhe makes?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEſerted from Her Majeſty's Company of *Stage-Players* at the *Bath*, with all his Cloaths and Accoutrements, after having Receiv'd Advanc'd Money; A Man that writes himſelf a *Famous Comedian*. Suppos'd to have Enter'd himſelf among the Socks and Buſkins in *Bartholomew-Fair*, and taken his Journey thro' the Allurement of a Thirty Pound Bag. If he will Return to his Quarters at the *Bath* in 14 Days, he ſhall be kindly Receiv'd; otherwiſe, his Twelve-Penny Admirers will Proceed againſt him with the utmoſt Severity, and have no more Claps at his Service, when his Money ſhall be ſpent, and he come upon the Stage again.

The Lampoon. Or, The Duke of *Ormond* ſo much in Diſguiſe that his moſt Intimate Acquaintance cannot know Him. To be ſeen at *Millet's* Booth in *Smithfield*, where any Man may hold what Diſcourſe he pleaſes with His Grace for a ſingle *Teſter*. *Note*, He appears with His General's *Truncheon*, the Enſigns of the *Garter*, and all other Marks of Honour that may diſtinguiſh him from a Common Perſon; yet a Man would Swear he was no more a Duke than himſelf, was he once to Converſe with him.

Next Week will be Publiſh'd, *A Tryal of Skill* between *John Dunton* and *John Bunyan*, the two Renown'd Authors of their Times; As alſo a Dialogue between the *Poſt Angel* and a *Penny-Poſt Man*, very uſeful to the Family of the Faithful, and thoſe that can give Credit to Men that have none.

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